

GEE AITCH 43

No. 23. General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va. Sunday, June 1, 1919

LOCALS AT CAMP MORRISON TO-DAY

The local team will go to Camp Morrison to play that aggregation to-day. Morrison has won from the locals in former games, which were mighty close—no high scoring was done by either team in any of these games.

Stauffer will pitch. We're all betting on you fellows today and you positively must knock the high hat off that bunch. Heads up and on your toes!

A BIG HIT.

The vaudeville on Friday night proved to be a winner. A good one reel movie opened the program featuring Charlie Chaplin on "Easy Street." The first vaudeville act was by Indian Joe Davis and Red Wing. This couple have played in various parts of the United States and have been engaged by the War Camp Community Service for the past several weeks and are entertaining in the

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Just so—but a bit of paint is good for benches.

GEE AITCH 43

Published every day, except Monday,
and devoted to the interests of
General Hospital No. 43, Hamp-
ton, Va.

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commanding officer.

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Officer of the Day:

Sunday—Lieutenant Wilhelm

Monday—Lieutenant Kemp

Sunday, June 1, 1919.

JUNE.

To the New Dawn, enshrined in the
skies,
My garden fair makes fragrant sac-
rifice;
Full all her gladness on one bud she
blows
And offers up her first sweet summer
rose.

* * *

The first glad day of summer is
here. This day, two years ago, found
us busily preparing, drawing upon
our resources, laboring under the
spur of a great purpose, and to help
accomplish a great task—that of con-
quering terrorism and autocracy.
Only a year ago, on this day, out in
the trenches, banker and brick-layer,
lawyer and farmer, professor and
blacksmith were found joined in a
common job—the biggest job in all
history—the blanketing of the globe
with democracy. And now that job
is done. The trappings of war be-
come relics. We lay them aside, and
turn to the tasks of peace. We have

learned democracy in a bitter school,
and it is natural that we should want
the spirit of that for which we suffer-
ed and struggled to dominate the new
era.

The ashes of war are shovelled
away, but the added equipment which
the war forced the nation to build,
is still standing. Out of these resour-
ces, America will forge a large
future. Listening ears will hear the
hammer and clank, and whirl of peace
time production.

The first day of summer is here,
and peace is monarch. It is the be-
ginning of something better.

Then, with nature in Lowell's
immortal verse:

"What is so rare, as a day in June,
Then, if ever, come perfect days
Then heaven tries the earth, if it be
in tune,

And over it softly a warm ear lays;
Whether we look or whether we listen
We hear life murmur, or see it glis-
ten.

Every clod feels a stir of might, and
An instinct within it that reaches and
towers,

And groping blindly above it for
light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.
The little bird sits by his door in the
sun,

Atilt like a blossom among the
leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'er run
With the deluge of summer it re-
ceives.

His mate feels the eggs beneath her
wings,,

And the heart in her dumb breast
flutters and sings;

He sings to the wide world, and she
to her nest.

In the nice ear of Nature, which song
is the best?

LEAVING US.

Old Dame Rumour visited these
officers and had a lot of gossip to un-
ravel, and as she darned an old sock,
she dropped us the information that
Capt. Morgenthauer, for so many
months Adjutant to the Commander
at this Post, is soon to pack up his
little trunk say farewell, board an old
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FORMER TRAVELING RATION ARRANGEMENTS RESCINDED

The following letter from the War Department is self-explanatory, and should interest all readers as it pertains to the matter of "grub" and this we are all interested in:

Circular No. 64, War Department, 1918, providing for a meal service at reduced rates for individuals of the military service in dining cars and restaurants controlled by carriers operating under Federal control, is rescinded, effective June 1, 1919.

On and after June 1, 1919, military meal service at 75 cents a meal will be furnished on dining cars and at eating houses controlled by carriers operating under Federal control to individuals of the military service only upon authority of and proof of identity by a properly executed identification card.

Meal service at reduced rates will be furnished to:

- (a) Enlisted men.
- (b) Recruits and accepted applicants for enlistment enroute for depots or other concentration points.
- (c) Members of the Army Nurse Corps.
- (d) Discharged soldiers returning from debarkation ports or demobilization camps to homes or places of acceptance for enlistment.

Only the serially numbered identification card furnished by the War Department (Form No. 705, A. G. O.) is authorized, and will be issued to the individuals described in paragraph 3 only by officers authorized to issue transportation requests or to pay travel allowances. The points between which use of the card is authorized, and the date upon which the travel involved should be completed, will be filled in by the issuing officer.

To obtain the privilege of military meal service the identification card must be shown to the conductor or steward of dining car or eating house before ordering meals. The card will be void after the date shown thereon. It will be retained by the person to whom issued and not taken up by

the conductor or steward.

By order of the Secretary of War:
PEYTON C. MARCH,
General, Chief of Staff.

"Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder."

Sgt. Leighton somehow or other we think that you are taking advantage of Sgt. Porterfield's absence, for the way you are treating Sgt. Kline here of late is a shame. Why, only Thursday night about twelve o'clock, you had him speaking to you in a sympathetic way, saying that it was a shame the way he had to go around looking for his bed. Through the excitement he was heard to say, "Help me find my bed, Porter," this causing the boys to scream with laughter. Sgt. Leighton was then heard to remark to Sid, "Don't you worry about Porter, as he will wait for you, after your (six month service) at this post.

—Contributed.

BARRACKS "I" WHEEZES.

Pvt. 1st c. John Mills, on being told that the Red Cross did not affiliate with the Labor Union, said that he'd never use any of their writing paper again, that he belonged to the Miner's Union. All right, John, you are the boss of your own affairs.

—o—

Daniel Vesuvius McGheehan, is puzzled to know just what ails Sgt. 1st c. Hohl. He has resorted to the columns of our paper for help, saying Sgt. Hohl is trying to kid him. Moral: He can't kid you, Dan, nature beat him to it.

—o—

Heard at the Barber Shop Recently.

To barber in first chair: "Say! got any way of curling my hair? W'at kin' o' shampoo yu got? Gimme a neck shave." Barber, write the rest of it, we haven't the heart.

—o—

Just what happened to Sgt. 1st c. Henderson B. Harris last evening will never be definitely known. He blames it all on Hamby, but we know a few things, he can't get away with that stuff.

A BIG HIT.

(Continued from page 1).

various camps of this community. The little Indian lady, Red Wing, pleased greatly with her Indian songs and dances. She is a Nebraska Winnebago and received her education at Carlisle school, Penna. Indian Joe, whose education has been picked here and there, does some very clever rope tricks, knot tying and lassoing. He is also somewhat of a magician, and his many tricks were of strictly high class and patriotic nature, and the act of these two people went over tremendously with the crowd. Indian Joe puts patriotism not only in his act, but has showed it in real life, having served in both the army and navy of the United States forces in former years.

The next act was by Sgt. Earnest R. Ferrari, a student of Pedro, the celebrated accordionist. Ferrari with this program made his last appearance on the army stage, having been discharged from the service. He will visit in this community before leaving Wednesday, for his home in San Francisco, Cal. He was formerly with the Keith Vaudeville Company, and though he is off the army stage as a soldier, he expects to re-engage in the theatrical game on the Orpheum Circuit in California. His rendition on the accordion of popular and classis music is decidedly complimentary, and our local theatre fans very forcibly show their appreciation, and demanded many encores.

Murray and McGee, the comedy and dancing couple who furnished the last act, did so in peppery and professional fashion. Their clog-dancing was of especially high merit, and their comedy was clever. With all it was a very pleasant entertainment.

A five reel movie featuring Tom Mix, in "Treat 'Em Rough," was booked for the closing number, but owing to trouble with the picture machine, this had to be called off. Sgt. Jack Bowen volunteered to sing and dance, while this was being repaired. Meanwhile, however, the house began to make very audible demands for their old favorite, Sullivan, and though he was greatly hand-

icapped with hoarseness, he responded with a couple of songs, and the house cheered him to the echo. They were unable to repair the damage to picture machine and the curtain was rung down after "Sully's" act.

LEAVING US.

(Continued from page 2).

Nebraska bound limited to re-establish his medical practice in that great western state.

We all surely regret to lose our Adjutant for he has ever commanded the respect and friendship of all members of the post, and discharged his duties faithfully and well. A host of friends will wish the Doctor Morgenthaler the best of fortune's store.

—o—

Before Leaving the Old Dame Tipped Us Off to Another Fareweller.

Upon preparing to leave us and while tucking her yarn, needles and other paraphernalia into her knitting bag, she told us that she had visited the Red Cross Officers and learned that Mr. Bradburn, Associate Field Director at this Port, was also going to forsake us. The old dame could not give us much detail as to where Mr. Bradburn was going or what he was going to do after leaving here, but she seemed quite sure that he was going back to business of his own.

Mr. Bradburn has spent several months in Red Cross work, and his association therein has cemented many lasting friendships among the men in the service. His work has been efficient and very worthy of the principles and purpose of the Red Cross. His loss will be felt keenly by every one of us.

LOST.

A CORONA typewriter was taken from the office of Barracks K. \$10 will be given for the return or serviceable trace of same.

How Can It Be(e).

Miss S. B., of Ward 3, was unintentionally bitten by R-R-R-Mosquito. No serious results, but unfortunately the beauty of the gentle Miss was slightly marred.